



Art work on the wall



👁️ 25 ✅ 3 ⭐ 2

Chapter 1 by PigletPinkPancake

“Ok just tell us about your time here at Kesser elementary school. Did you like it? Are you excited for moving?” Jax said waiting for my answer. He had his stupid camera in my face again and trust me I was tired of it.

“Um... It was fine I guess. I don’t know. Can you please get that stupid camera out of my face? This is the third time today we’ve done an interview, TODAY!” I shoved my hand over the camera so that he would turn it off. But he didn’t.

As he moved his camera away from my hand he said, "Well I know that we all are going to miss you during middle school. We wish you the best of luck!" He smiled at the camera before turning it off.

“Jax you know how annoying those stupid camera interviews are!” I exclaimed as he put away the junk he called camera work away.

"I mean I know that you are going to miss me but still you have to learn how to have some distance! A girl needs her space!" I explained to him as we walked down the sidewalk to our bikes. We had gone to our favorite tree in the park for the interview(he said that we were going to play soccer there but no! He tricked me! That is actually pretty smart of him.). The park is not nearly as close to our neighborhood than I would like so we always bike there instead of

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"I'm really going to miss you Charlie! Please don't go.". I looked at Jax as he said this. He looked back at me. Jax and I have been friends since we were toddlers. The thing is we love totally different things. He loves to make movies and documentaries with the camera he got for his 10th birthday. He's pretty good at sports but not as good as some of the other boys in school. I'm a soccer freak. I play on a town wide team and we travel across the state of Tennessee(my home) playing against other teams. I play forward so I'm pretty fast, not to brag.

"Jax if I had a choice then I would but I don't! You know this! You've known it since the day I told you! Since the day I found out," I said,"I don't want to go but I have to.". Once I said this I hugged him for quite a while. This was too much pain to leave.

Chapter 2 by Fanwizard



"We are now landing in California. Please remain seated with your seat belt buckled at this time. As usual, thank you for flying with us and have an excellent day."

The flight attendant's perky made me roll my eyes. I wondered if she really liked her job as a flight attendant serving rude people, wailing babies, and grumpy moms. I almost could see the (unnatural) blonde, sitting on her couch, a towel wrapped around her hair, wearing only a pink, fluffy bathrobe, eagerly flipping through a tabloid magazine as she read the latest gossip.

"Charlie, look out the window," Mom whispered from in front of me.

I turned my head, and realized the plane was tilting. The little buildings that looked like Legos now actually looked like buildings instead of toys.

"Isn't the view spectacular?" Mom asked dreamily. The look vanished from her eyes as she fished through her carry on bag and took out her camera, taking a picture.

Mom was an artist, more specifically a painter. She mostly did landscapes, but sometimes did abstract and faces. Plus, she was also a photographer.

I'd like to say that I'd inherited some of her artistic abilities. But I would be lying. Instead, I got Dad's interest and talent in sports, even though Mom constantly is trying to get me to pick up a paintbrush.

The first time that she'd made me pick up a paintbrush, was when I was three. (Hint, don't trust your three year old daughter with professional paintbrushes, because no matter how artistic

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Dad packing up and leaving, with only a kiss and an 'I love you' to me and a nod and goodbye to Mom. For Mom letting Dad leave. For both of them signing the official papers that declared Mom in full custody of me, even though I would spend part of my summer with Dad. That their happy, young marriage was over.

"Charlie? Charlie? Where are you?" Mom waved her hand in front of my face, then had the tips of her lips turn up in a smile, the same way mine did.

"Huh?"

"We've landed," Mom chirped. "Welcome to California, the Golden State."

I grabbed my carry on bag and my phone, and turned it on. The screen read, TWO MISSED CALLS FROM JAX. TWO VOICEMAILS FROM JAX.

I unlocked my phone and read the texts and listened to the voicemails, deleting the voicemails. Mom kept telling me that in one lifetime, one move wouldn't seem like much. But for me, it seemed huge.

There was a lump in my throat that I couldn't swallow, but I stepped off the plane.

Almost immediately, things went wrong.

It was windier outside than I thought it would be, and when I slid my hand down the railing, my phone slipped out of my hand and hit the ground below.

It made a sickening crack on the ground, and I knew instantly that it was broken.

Great. Welcome to California.

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